http://community.livejournal.com/comment_fic/165621.html?thread=35875317#t35875317

It's Lucifer's smile that leads him to rail at the boundaries of the cage again, damaging himself and bringing up pain and blood.

Michael doesn't stop throwing himself at the bars, which are sometimes so cold he leaves bits of himself on them and sometimes they are so hot he burns himself with light touches. Sometimes they aren't even bars at all, but there is a constant: they will always hurt to touch.

He won't turn around and look at Lucifer, which will happen if he stops, so he resigns himself to the lesser pain of the bars.

For he remembers the last time he saw Lucifer smile, and that was years and years ago and to see this broken mockery of it -

Lucifer won't recover from the shock of being here again for a long time, Michael knows. At least he's not violent any more, but this quiet smiling in a way is more terrifying than Lucifer's anger and force trapped in the same room as Michael.

So Michael raises his bleeding arms and tries the bars again, as futile as it is. It's still better than seeing Lucifer.